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General Wholesale and Retail Agent for
the Celebrated

ESTEY ORGANS,

—WHICH—

Defy Competition

The world over. Do not be deceived, but go

THE BEST.

I also have a large stock of

PIANOS,

Which will be sold at

Bottom Prices.

Office and Warehouses,

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

L. P. ROSSIER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ISLAND POND, VT.

Office over the Post Office. Calls attended
day or night.

W. W. LOMBARD,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

Island Pond, Vt.

ALFRED R. EVANS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office over Postoffice, Gorham, N. H.
All business by mail or otherwise promptly
attended to.

J. A. MANSUR,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE.

Island Pond, Vermont.

F. D. HALE,

Attorney & Counselor-at-Law

LUNENBURGH, VT.

D. S. STORRS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Agent for the principal

Fire Insurance Companies,

ISLAND POND, VERMONT.

Z. M. MANSUR,

Attorney at Law

And Solicitor in Chancery.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT.

George W. Hartshorn,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

CANAAN, VERMONT.

SAVE MONEY

BY PURCHASING

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Fancy Goods, Etc.,

—AT—

HOLTON'S,

CANAAN, VT.

I am constantly adding to my stock fresh
goods, and prices are lower than ever. Call
in and look at my new stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

and Spectacles, just received, and you will be
astonished at the low prices I can give you. A
full line of the celebrated

Rogers Bros.' Silver-Plated Ware,

Always on hand.

Choice Confectionery, Tobacco

and Cigars.

I haven't space to enumerate every article
worthy of your inspection, but cordially invite
one and all to step in, get prices, and be con-
vinced that I am selling

FIRST-CLASS GOODS VERY

CHEAP!

Physician's Prescriptions Carefully

Compounded, Day or Night.

Thanking the public for their very liberal
patronage in the past and soliciting a continu-
ance, I remain, Respectfully yours,

C. O. HOLTON.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender,
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened
That he left so hard and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange and stirring voices
When "the larks break forth and sing."
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valley
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the springtime of her life,
Fair forms rose up before her
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy hush, and
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tones,
The listener rose up softly
And went on the way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed, but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "Go! bless the singer!
And, oh, thank God for the song!"

—Chambers' Journal.

A THOUSAND TO FIVE.

If you take a sharp turn to the right
midway on the road between the
city of Orono and the Littleton Asylum,
a beautiful green lane will bring you to
the locks and the narrow foot-bridge
which for convenience is placed across
the flood gates that you may pass to the
opposite bank of the Thames. The an-
tique city lies still to your right with its
spires, and domes, and college towers,
which stand out in the clear-cut, dark
uprights against the wintry gray sky, or
in the blue haze of the summer mist,
appear as if dressed in purple gauze.

The bank on which you stand has a
wide foot-path, which narrows as you
recede from the city. Here the river
deepens slightly, reflecting the luxuriant
green shrubbery, while a few yards far-
ther on the stream grows so shallow that
rank though not uninteresting weeds
and water-flovers spring up to greet the
eye.

In the early morning or on summer
evenings true admirers of the beautiful
never miss frequenting this spot. Lovers,
the invalid, the weary student—all alike
here find rest and food to breathe in an
air that seems to stir into life everything
in the vicinity.

It was the day after the Oxford and
Cambridge boat race. At the former
university things were unusually quiet,
though the crews were far from dis-
courage. At the latter there was high
glee. After many successive years of
struggling and defeat, Cambridge had
once more won the day. The fates had
decided in her favor.

Yet a few earnest coxswains and
trainers might be seen in busy conversa-
tion at the various newly-painted and
gilded boat-houses, and not a few canoes
and gigs had demanded an opening of
the locks that morning. Still the marked
excitement and bustle of the three pre-
ceding days had now all but died away.
A sober air pervaded everything. Song-
birds from their boughs but twittered
slightly and seemed to glance askance
at passers-by.

"Yes, Jack, that was the bet."
"Frightful odds, wasn't it?" chimed
in Henry Knoll.
"But, say, old fellow, do tell us that
tale," pursued the first speaker, a stal-
wart among the three young crack oars-
men of the first Oxford crew.

He addressed Paul Clifton. They were
seated with elbows on knees and half
reclining over the rail of Magdalen
college boat house. All were attired in
college blouses, sleeves tucked up, white
boating trousers, and canvas shoes.

Paul Clifton, or "Capt. Cliff," as his
companions sometimes called him, was
the oldest fellow in his college. With a
forehead largely intellectual, though
pinched in face, and slightly stooped, he
was deemed the largest-hearted fellow in
all Oxfordshire. The whole faculty
loved him and the meanest undergraduate
in his presence had no fears.

"I'm a whole lot of fellows don't bore
a man," was the reply, accompanied with
the best natured grin.
"But say, Cliff, we chaps never heard
that story, and then, you tell it so
well."

A slap between the shoulders, and
Paul coughed. All laughed heartily, and
the old scholar began:
"Well, my lads, you must know that
Magdalen, as we call her, was at one
her own right one of the noblest, wealth-
iest, prettiest, and proudest ladies in
all Orono. She had seen nineteen beau-
tiful summers, and the winters could not
have been very severe, for they had left
nothing cold or ugly or objectionable in
her nature. Yet, as I said, she was proud,
and she had a right to be. Yes, she was
a gem of a girl—a regular darling. Both
her parents were dead, and her uncle,
with whom she lived, was dean of Mag-
dalen college, and one among the most
indulgent of old gentlemen.

"Throughout our university city Lady
Maud was the rage and adoration of
young and old. I have heard it said
that, like a morning star, she lit the path
of many a poor professor and care-worn
student. They did not all love her, for
the simple reason that they dared not.
But it did the fellows good to sit in their
windows and see her float past on her
customary morning walk. I tell you, my
lads," and Clifton struck his brawny
thigh as if to emphasize what he said,
"there are some women who are to the
earth as angels, and to marry them is in
part to spoil them. Such was Lady Maud.
Love was in the air she exhaled, and
tenderness seemed to wait from the very
folds of her garment whither she
moved.

"Well, it was just twenty-seven years
ago, and Christopher Lund was the poorest
undergraduate of college. So poor that
the chapel mice shunned his scanty
apartments and ran affrighted into their
holes at his approach. Yet by his pen
he managed to maintain himself at col-
lege in a large measure helped to
support an invalid sister at an incurable
home in Wales. He was a quiet, earn-
est, honest fellow, and we all pitied him,

and, without his knowing it, helped him
in a hundred little ways.

"Next to my room, and domiciled in
luxury, lived young Tankerville, the
Crosus of our college. His father's in-
heritance had but fallen to him some
months before, and he deserved it. He
was a capital fellow, large-hearted,
empty-headed, and brimful of sport.
His pocket book was ever open. Many
a struggling fellow who went to bed at
night worrying over the expenses of the
morrow woke up in the morning to find
penned between the leaves of his Latin or
Greek exercise book a small note on the
bank of England. At first such unusual
beneficence puzzled us, but we very soon
discovered its true author.

"It was one of those sultry July morn-
ings at the date referred to when Lund,
Tankerville, myself and five other
chums stood under a broad tree near the
main gate of the now Botanic gardens.
Through the branches and all short shrubs
we could all but see Magdalen college
bridges. We had turned out for an air-
ing that morning. Cigars were lighted
and anecdotes of interest were being
told, when suddenly the conversation
turned and the subject of our remarks
became the belle and the 'First Lady in
Oxon'.

"Hold," cried Tankerville, pointing
in the direction of the bridge. "Why,
there she is. Speak of an angel and—"
White-r. "She is. Whistles most of
the time."
B.—"And you allow it? Don't it an-
noy you?"

W.—"It don't annoy me, and as for
allowing it, I encourage it in it."
B.—"Why?"
W.—"Because a woman can't whistle
and talk at the same time."

Quite Another Thing.
"William, my son," said the old man,
as he walked with him toward the de-
pot, "you have been appointed an In-
dian agent. Promise me in the most
solemn manner that you will never take
one penny belonging to the govern-
ment."

"I promise, father."
Two years later, when he came home
and brought a couple of farms and began
the erection of a \$30,000 house he re-
marked:

"On one occasion, when 'Virginus'
was being performed, my unhappy tem-
per (says Maceratus) was severely tried
in the third act of the play, where
Siculus Dentatus should be discovered
on a bier with a company of soldiers
mourning over it. I saw the old man
who represented the Roman Achilles
lying on the ground, and two men
sanding near. This was too absurd,
the body lying in the arms of the sol-
diers. I positively refused to go on.
"Oh, pray, sir," urged the man-
ager, "go on; the men have rehearsed
the scene, and you'll find it all right."
In vain I represented that the men could
not carry off the old man. "Oh, yes,
indeed, sir," reiterated the manager,
"they perfectly understand it." There was
nothing for it but submission. After
some time the curtain was drawn up,
and I discovered the scene as described.
On I went and uttered my lamentation
over the prostrate veteran; but when I
gave the order, "Take up the body and
bear it to the camp," to my agony and
horror the two men, stooping down, put
an arm underneath the shoulder of the
dead Dentatus, raised him to his feet,
he preserving a corpse like rigidity,
his eyes closed, and his heart thrown
back, and, arm in arm, the trio walked
off at the opposite side of the stage,
amid roars of laughter from the con-
vulsed spectators.—*Credit Mail.*

She Was Bony.
John Henry, the masher, stood on the
corner with one of his kind, waiting for
a girl to come along, whom he might
crush. At last, a thin young woman
from the rural district came by, and
John Henry thought he had found her.
As she passed he said something about
her being bony but he went after her,
and catching up, he said:

"Good afternoon," Miss.
"Good afternoon," she replied, sizing
him up as if she was going to put a price
on him.
"Ahem, Miss, ahem, I—ah," he hesi-
tated.

"Well, she continued coolly, "why
don't you bark?"
"Bark! Bark! I don't quite under-
stand," he said inquiringly.

"Oh, you don't? Well I might have
known better than to have given you
credit for so much intelligence, but in
our country a puppy that has had any
advantage of training, always barks
when it finds a bone."

Since that date John Henry is a
changed man.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

They Got the Wrong Tickets.

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monies started the proceedings with an
orchestral prelude; but this only added
to the interest attaching to the main
event. Rafe came to the front smiling.
He had evidently been sponged off just

STORIES SPICED BY FUN.

COMICAL SKETCHES THAT ARE GO-
ING THE ROUNDS.

Likely to Get Let-He Encouraged

He in It—Quite Another Thing.

Stranger (to small boy).—"C-c-can y-y-
you t-tell me wh-when the next t-t
train g-goes n-n-north, s-s-south?"
Small Boy—"Fif' minnits pas' three."
Stranger—"If I have I g-got t-t t-
time to c-c-catch it?"
Small Boy—"Not unless you kin walk
faster'n you kin talk, mister."—*New York
Times.*

He Encouraged Her in It.
Black—"They tell me your wife is
quite a whistler."
White—"She is. Whistles most of
the time."
B.—"And you allow it? Don't it an-
noy you?"

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A Corpse that Walked Off.
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A KENTUCKY COURT SCENE.

HOW A LOUISVILLE JUDGE PRE-
SIDED IN A LAWLESS REGION.

Engraving in a N N Compiling Wit-
ness on a Litter—Where a Nervous
Carried the Day.

A recent letter from Louisville to the
Chicago Herald, says: The chief trouble
attending the conviction of the despera-
dos whose acts of violence in some
sections of Kentucky have for years pro-
duced a reign of terror, and a cause
which is not understood by those who
only read accounts of the crimes com-
mitted, has been the failure on the part
of the prosecuting attorneys and crim-
inal judges to do their duty. This
failure is to be attributed to what may
best be called "local influences." If a
judge belongs to one faction, or owes
his election to a particular party, his op-
ponents at once declare their inability to
receive fair treatment at his hands, and
will fight rather than be tried. In one
of the counties where scores had been
killed who belonged to opposing fac-
tions, and where houses were barricaded,
the law abandoned, where women and
children were armed, and the extor-
tion of the entire population a matter of
early possibility, the governor requested
Judge William L. Jackson, of the Louis-
ville Circuit, to hold court. Nobody
thought the Louisville judge would com-
ply, but in this they were mistaken, for
he proceeded forthwith to the scene of
bloodshed, quietly announced his pres-
ence, and made known his mission. These
facts excited the greatest curiosity
throughout the county, and when the
day of trial came on the whole popula-
tion appeared in the court house, with
little exception. The first case, one of
murder, was called. All the witnesses
responded to their names save one. "We
must have that witness, Mr. Sheriff,"
said the court, firmly.

"If your honor please I can't get him,"
said the county sheriff.

"That's no excuse, sir; have him here
without fail in four hours. Let the court
stand adjourned until 2 o'clock." And
as Judge Jackson finished speaking he
arose from the bench with dignified ease,
calmly put on his hat and walked from
the court room alone, to the great aston-
ishment of the natives, whose regular
judges would have remained until per-
fectly satisfied that no enemy was near.

At 2 o'clock court again convened. The
brawl of the sheriff, "Oh yes, oh yes, court
is now open," had scarce died out before
Judge Jackson asked sternly: "Mr.
Sheriff, have you brought that witness
in court?"

The sheriff, answering in the nega-
tive, gave as his reason for failure to
obey the court that he found the house
of the witness barricaded and full of
armed mountaineers, who swore they
would kill any man who attempted to
enter.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the court, very
sharply, "such an excuse is not to be
thought of, and will not be entertained.
I want the witness here at 10 o'clock to-
morrow morning, if you have to bring
him on a litter. Mark you, sir, a failure
to comply on your part will compel this
court to fine and imprison you to the full
extent of the law. Do you duty, sir."

To say that the natives were aston-
ished does not convey the slightest idea
of their true feelings. All that after-
noon and next morning there was a uni-
versal desire to see the "city judge
close," and the fellow who got to shake
hands with him had all the free drinks
he desired.

Court opened promptly at 10 o'clock.
"Mr. Sheriff, have you that witness?"
asked the court.

"Yes, your honor," spoke the sheriff,
excitedly; "he's coming."

A curious sight presented itself now.
Half a dozen stalwart men appeared
carrying another, who was the missing
witness. One arm hung limp at his side,
a leg refused to do its duty, blood trick-
led from all over his head, and an im-
mense bandage concealed one eye.

"Stand up, sir," spoke the court, and,
with the aid of his captors, the fellow
assumed as fair an upright position as
his wounds would permit.

"What do you mean by evading the
law?" asked the judge.

"I didn't know it was your court, sir.
I thought they wanted to take me to
Louisville for moonshining. I knew as
how there were deputy marshals about,
sir."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "are
there any United States marshals in this
section?"

The clerk said there were and that
they had warrants for the civil witness,
whereupon he directed the sheriff to
bring every one of them into court, in
order soon